FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

ABOUT A KITE—ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN FROM A MILLIONAIRE.

Lions in California—Destroying Life Wantonly—Saved by a Looking-Glass—Juvenile Paragraphs, Etc.

The Tale of a Kite.

Little Johnny Summerville
Made a pretty kite,
Made it out of paper red,
Quite a brilliant sight.

Said his little brother, Tom,
"I will make the tail;
I've some nice green paper here
That will make it sail."

Soon the tail was nicely made,
Johnny bought a string;
Up the kite went in the air,
Swift as anything.

Johnny held the string at first,
Tom soon cried, "Let me!"
Then both wanted it at once,
Angry as could be.

Loudly laughed the wind at this—
Laughed a meaning laugh,
Whispered slyly to the wires
Of the telegraph.

Soon the kite was tangled fast
On the wires; no more
To speed upward like a bird,
And as gayly soar.

Said the wind, "We've served them right!
Quarrels should not be."
Said the telegraph, "Perhaps
Next time they'll agree."

—GERRIT SMITH.

Young Men in Business.

* * One great cause of the failure of young men in business is lack of concentration. They are prone to seek outside investments. The cause of many a surprising failure lies in so doing. Every dollar of capital and credit, every business thought, should be concentrated in the one business upon which a man has embarked. He should never scatter his shot. It is a poor business which will not yield better returns for increased capital than any outside investment. No man or set of men or corporation can manage a business man's capital as well as he can manage it himself. The rule "Do not put all your eggs in one basket," does not apply to a man's life-work. Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket, is the true doctrine—the most valuable rule of all. While business of all kinds has gone, and is still going rapidly, into a few vast concerns, it is nevertheless demonstrated every day that genuine ability, interested in the profits, is not only valuable but indispensible to their successful operation. Through corporations whose shares are sold daily upon the market; through partnerships that find it necessary to interest their ablest workers; through merchants who can manage their vast enterprises successfully only by interesting exceptional ability; in every quarter of the business world, avenues greater in number, wider in extent, easier of access than ever before existed, stand open to the sober, frugal, energetic, and able mechanic, to the scientifically educated youth, to the office boy, and to the clerk—avenues through which they can reap greater successes than were ever before within the reach of these classes in the history of the world. When, therefore, the young man, in any position or in any business, explains and complains that he has not opportunity to prove his ability and to rise to partnership, the old answer suffices:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
—*Andrew Carnegie.*

A Good Catch.

Our little scientists are beginning early. But we hope as their out-of-door studies go on they will learn more and more that the best way to find out all about the beautiful insects which fly around us is not to catch them, stick a pin through them and fasten them to the wall, or hide them away in boxes and drawers, but to watch how they live. The next time you see a butterfly, boys, don't snatch your hat off and dash madly after it, but follow it gently, quietly, so as not to alarm it. See what flowers it lights on, try to discover where it deposits its eggs and how it secures their safety until they are hatched. Try breaking off the twig when you find some insect eggs with which you are not familiar and keeping it carefully until you see what becomes of them. Or gather carefully a few cocoons from trees or fence rails, or hidden away in cracks of old buildings and keep them until the moth or butterfly comes out. Of course, some things you will have to destroy, the tent caterpillars and every insect that injures our gardens and orchards must go, but don't, boys, don't kill just for the sake of killing. Don't kill thoughtlessly. Be sure that a thing is harmful before you try to destroy it. And especially concerning birds. Even when you know of some mischief that some do, wait and study their habits a little farther and think if this piece of mischief is not more than atoned for by their destroying some insect that unchecked would work still greater harm. Every living thing has some reason for being. Be sure that you are doing right before you take a life that none but God could give. I would not enter on my list of friends, though graced with modest manners and fine sense, yet wanting sensibility, the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—*Ex.*

Thirteen Mountain Lions.

Mountain lions, or cougars, have been unusually numerous and audacious in Southern California recently. They have killed fifteen colts for John F. Cuddy, on Frazer mountain, and have been seen prowling about on the outskirts of the smaller towns, raiding sheep-pens and chicken-roosts and picking up stray curs. The chalk hills back of Santa Paula have always afforded safe retreats for these beasts, being very rough and broken and full of small caves. Irving Foulks was up there lately and came back without any cougar pelts. But he brought back some stories about the number of mountain lions prowling through the chalk hills that made old hunters wag their heads and insinuate that he was getting early into the habit of spinning yarns, a habit that was to be tolerated only in men of years and experience. Foulks said that he saw so many lions that he was afraid to fire at them, whereupon old Jake Gries snorted contemptuously, and asked to be piloted to a place where varmints were thick enough to scare him.

Foulks and the old man went up there and for once in his life Jake saw "varmints" enough to satisfy him. They got into the ruggedest part of the hills and sat down to watch for game. Presently a lioness appeared less than a hundred yards away, and Jake shot her through the body. Of course she yelled as soon as she was hit, and before the echoes of the rifle-shot had time to get back across the canyon old Jake Gries was sorry he had fired.

Lions started into view so suddenly and plentifully that it seemed as though there must have been a lion lying behind every rock on the hillside. Jake threw another cartridge into the barrel of his rifle, and raised the piece to take aim, but put it down again slowly and remarked that he would be everlastingly condemned. Then he suggested to Foulks that it was no use for a man to be a chump, and that perhaps they had better go home if the lions would let 'em. They retreated cautiously, and managed to get out of the hills without being attacked. Jake declares that he counted thirteen mountain lions in that crowd of "varmints," and nobody doubts his word.

Saved by a Mirror.

The following story is reported by an Englishman who, with his family, had passed ten days in India:

It was a very sultry summer night. The doors and windows of our bungalo stood wide open to let in the air. My little daughter, two years old, was sleeping in a low crib in a room adjoining the one where I was sitting, engaged with some accounts. It was late; all the servants had retired, and everything was quiet out doors and in. In the room where the child was sleeping there was a large pier glass which we had brought out from Liverpool. It was our most pretentious article of furniture. This glass hung directly opposite where I was sitting, so that if I raised my eyes, objects in the other room were plainly to be seen in it. Suddenly my attention was attracted by what seemed a shadow flitting past, or rather by a sense of something moving in the other room. I looked up. The sight which met my gaze chilled my blood! In the mirror there was reflected a tiger, creeping stealthily toward the sleeping child!

I was wholly unarmed, and sat powerless, benumbed, gazing with awful fascination into that mirror. To scream or to make the least motion would precipitate the terrible tragedy. Suddenly the tiger stopped, arrested by his own reflection in the glass. He lashed his tail back and forth; his eyes shot fire; each separate hair of his orange-yellow coat seemed to stand erect at sight of a possible rival. Faster and faster that expressive tail whipped the floor. Another moment, and the animal uttered a deep, challenging roar and sprang forward with one great bound.

There was a crash of glass and a loud, prolonged roar of surprise and rage of the tiger, which jarred the very ground. The great mirror, with its frame, fell heavily to the floor, pulled from its position. The tiger turned tail and sprang out at the open door.

It had all happened so quickly that I could almost have believed it a dream but for the broken mirror and the marks of blood left where the shattered glass had cut the tiger's feet.

Fortunate Young Men.

A man can hardly be more fortunate in this world than to be possessed of a good mind in a good body.

With these and the willingness to work two young men in Maine have recently shown themselves fortunate. They went up the Kenebec a few years ago and let themselves to an enterprising ice man, and by their energy and determination so pleased their employer that he was glad to retain them and give them work on the farm during the summer and kept them busy cutting ice winters. Last fall the old gentleman desired to retire, and offered to sell them the entire business, houses, lots, engine, boiler and privileges for six thousand five hundred dollars. This was before any one could predict the ice bonanza. The young men had saved a thousand dollars and paid this amount down, going security for the rest. They caught sight of the bonanza afar off, however, and were ready to meet it, and have just sold their entire stock to New York parties for forty-six thousand dollars, giving each the nice sum of twenty thousand dollars. This fortune was made not in California gold fields, but right in the East that is so often despised.

Pure Air.

Pure air of moderate temperature is the prime source of health to the body through action of the blood. It is thus promotive of the change and renewal of structure, animal heat and vital energy. It is the grand agent in furthering all the processes of nutrition, it braces the nerves, plants roses on the cheeks, makes the plain look pleasing and the lovely more lovely still.

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XII. CONTINUED.

"These animals we never see in the old world," I said, as we stood looking at them, busy at their play.

"They are found only in America, and then only west of the Mississippi river. Washington Irving has given a very interesting description of their habits of life in one of his beautiful sketches."

"Here are the bear pits. See that old fellow hanging by one foot to the limb of that old stump," I said, as we came to the caves of the black and brown bears. One of the brown bears seemed perfectly at home on the limb of an old stump in his pit, trying to catch the peanuts that the children were throwing to him. But the bear at the foot had the feast while the one in the tree was working hard for little pay. The great grizzly bear, looking up from the mouth of his cave, was the greatest curiosity. I had never seen one before, but had often read of them.

"He's a fierce looking fellow," said the duke, as we stood looking down at him. He was constantly tramping back and forth, as though chafing under his confinement.

"They are savage beasts," continued the duke, "and very dangerous. I was with a party once that were exploring some of the mountain gorges in Colorado. Just as we were leaving one of the long defiles, we

I interviewed an old man who had been cultivating the corn.

heard a noise behind us. Looking round we saw a huge grizzly seated on his haunches. One of our party fired at the beast. For a moment he seemed dazed, then uttering a most terrific growl he sprang forward, bringing down the man who had fired at him. We realized in an instant that it was death to our comrade or the bear. Every one of our party leveled his weapon at the head of the furious beast. Fortunately for the man the bear rolled over in mortal agony. The flesh was torn from the poor man's arm and he was frightened almost to death. That was my first acquaintance with his majesty, the grizzly bear. I never want to meet another, unless he is in close confinement or under marching orders."

We visited one den or cage after another, until we had seen all the animals on exhibition. We enjoyed a ride on the little lakes passing under artistic bridges, and through long straits bordered by beautiful flowers. At last we found ourselves at the artesian well. We saw the wondrous fount from which flows the supply of water for the lakes, rivulets and fountains of the park. The artistic skill displayed in making falls and fountains, lakes and rivers, caves and mounds is wonderful!

"This morning," said the duke as we left the Palmer House, "we are going out on business."

"What is the nature of the business, if I may ask?"

"Real estate," answered the duke. "You are to go with me and see how business is conducted in America."

We soon saw a sign indicating the place we sought. On entering, the duke began at once to ask questions and examine maps.

"How do you get possession of so much land for sale?" asked the duke, after being shown an immense quantity in nearly every county in the state, it seemed to me.

"A great many farmers mortgage their lands, and failing to pay when due, we buy the lands," said the agent; "or they place their farms in our hands to sell, to raise money to meet the mortgages, hoping to save something in that way."

"What do you do with the lands you hold before you get a buyer?" asked the duke.

"There are always plenty of men who want to rent. We get good terms. We often rent to the former owners. They make good tenants," said the agent.

"Then you are sure there will be no trouble in getting good tenants if I should buy the lands we have been talking of."

"None at all. There are more tenants than farms, and you can make your own terms," said the agent, eager for a sale.

"Then, if agreeable, we will go and take a look at some of your best bargains," said the duke.

Very soon we were at the depot ready to start. We went south from Chicago. The green landscape was dotted with happy homes. Little villages nestled in the valleys, and prosperity seemed to reign supreme. Well-filled corn cribs attracted our attention. We passed the Joliet prison and saw some of the unfortunate beings at work in the stone quarry near by.

We were delighted with the country. The great fields of wheat and corn, the beautiful rivers, bordered with good timber, and the delightful climate were perfectly fascinating.

"What a contrast! I have not needed my umbrella once since I came to Illinois. In London and Ireland it would have been in constant demand. Yet the fields of growing grain are in fine condition. I think it must rain when we are asleep, to keep the earth looking so fresh and green."

We left the cars at the little station and soon were riding over roads in the most perfect condition. We called at one place where there was quite a comfortable house and barn.

"This is one of the farms I mentioned," said the agent.

While the duke and the agent were walking about talking business, I interviewed an old man who had been cultivating the corn.

"Sir," I asked, "can you tell me how this land came to be in the market?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "this was once my home. I came here from Ohio when land was cheap. I bought this hundred and sixty acres of land, paid part down, and gave a mortgage for the balance. I put on improvements as fast as I could. I worked my farm carefully, and for a few years everything went well. Then times became hard, crops were not good, and what I could sell brought a very low price. But good crops or poor, good times or bad, the interest on the mortgage kept growing all the time. We began to live more carefully; wife would make one hundred dollars do the work of three in living and clothing. We kept less help and worked early and late, but to no purpose. The time came when the mortgage was due, and the interest had accumulated until it ate up all there was over the mortgage. Then the place was sold. Now, here I am a tenant where I hoped to be the owner."

"Where do you place the blame of your unfortunate circumstances?"

"The scarcity of money is the first cause. That makes hard times. I can raise just as much wheat to the acre when it brings one dollar per bushel as when it brings fifty cents. With the dollar I can meet my obligations. With half a dollar I must raise twice as much grain, or fail. The price of wheat indicates, I think I may safely say, the rise and fall of money. Low prices make good times for money loaners and bankers who are willing to secure themselves by a mortgage on our real estate, and help us by loaning money at the moderate rates of from one, two, or even three per cent per month. If the men whose only business is to deal in the circulating medium of the country are permitted to increase or decrease the quantity as they please, they have the advantage over the laboring and producing classes. When farmers are in debt, and money all the time growing scarcer, there is no hope but to sacrifice their homes for much less than their real value. Large tracts of land are being obtained by speculators in this way, and held at moderate prices. This tempts rich foreigners to invest large sums of money here. They are willing to wait for the time when they can realize good profits on their investments, while in the meantime they secure a good income by leasing their lands to tenants."

"You seem familiar with the important topics of your country," I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I am a member of the 'Farmer's Alliance Club'; that keeps us posted on all that concerns us as farmers."

"Then you are opposed to foreigners coming here and buying lands?" I asked.

"I am. We have no lands for people who only care to breed us!" he said vehemently. "Any man that wants a home and will come her and live on the lands he buys, I am ready to welcome."

"You have large land monopolies among your own people," I said.

"We have, I am sorry to say. But our motto should be, 'No American land monopoly, either foreign or domestic!'"

CHAPTER XIII.—TENANTRY IN AMERICA.

The day following the one on which the duke finished his purchase he said to me

"Now, Waverland, we will visit Lord Sanders' estate and see how his tenants feel on the landlord subject."

"To which of his estates shall we go?" I asked.

"To the nearest one. It will only take a few hours to reach it."

The morning was bright. A gentle shower had fallen in the night. Everything seemed rejoicing in the warm sunshine. We passed out from the buzz and bustle of the noisy city into the calm, cool air of the country. We saw large herds of horses and cattle lazily feeding in great pastures, under the shade of oak, elm and maple trees. We passed through a country that lay before us like an immense map marked off by different shades of green, vast corn fields with their deep rich green, wheat and oat fields shaded to a bright tint. On, on we sped, past large farm houses surrounded by orchards full of growing fruit, great red barns that told of care and comfort, towering wind mills that could rival the imaginary giants of Don Quixote, full corn cribs laden with the golden ears, past villages full of business, fine churches, large school houses, cozy dwellings and substantial stores. Commerce, culture, society and religion were all provided for in response to the needs and industry of man.

Then came a change—little rough shanties, straw barns, and rail cribs without corn.

The duke knocked at the door and a woman about thirty opened it.

We entered a little tumble-down village without church or school-house. There, the conductor told us, was the place our tickets called for.

"Are we still in America?" I asked. "This seems more like Ireland and a tenant village."

"It is a tenant village," said the duke, as we walked from the steps of the old, rickety depot.

"Can it be that tenantry has been so long in America as to have caused its loathsome form to cover this fair land?"

"Now, Waverland, I did not come to hear you preach. I came to see the chances of success with American tenants," said the duke, as we crossed to a little, low, wooden shanty with one window, a door and a hole in the roof for the stove-pipe to pass through. The duke knocked at the door and a woman about thirty opened it. I was surprised at the neat appearance of the interior of the cabin. The ceiling and the walls of the room had been papered with newspapers and looked clean. The woman was bright, intelligent looking, and neat in a simple gown. She had been washing and a little boy was putting cobs, picked from the pig pen, into the stove to make the kettle boil. A bed in one corner of the room looked neat and clean. There were three or four shelves, made by a running cord through small holes in each side of the boards and held in place by a knot on the under side, full of books. I saw Emerson's prose works, Dickens' stories, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a good many other good friends in that little rough shanty. When we had taken the seats she had offered us, (two old wooden chairs, which, with a rough deal table, completed the inventory of the household furniture,) the duke asked:

"Are you living on one of Lord Sanders' farms?"

"Yes, sir," said the woman, "we rent from his agent."

"Do you make a comfortable living?" I asked.

"Not very comfortable, though we never suffer," said the woman, with a peculiar look in her dark eyes. "If we could choose our own time for selling our grain we could do better. There comes my husband," she said, "he can tell you better than I about the place."

A large, fine looking man drove near the shanty with a team and cultivator. We bade the woman good-day and went to interview the farmer himself.

"Have you been on this place long?" asked the duke, after a few words of introduction.

"Six years," said the man, "and I am as poor to-day as when I came here."

"Why do you stay here then, when lands are so cheap out west?"

"You must know it costs a good deal to get a start even if lands are cheap. I had a brother who went west. He made himself a good farm with good comfortable buildings. He had quite a start and was proud and happy in his new home, that he had made from the wild prairie of the west. But he had taken lands that were afterward gobbled up by the railroad company. He lost all he had and came back here to rent. I keep hoping that by working a little earlier, a little later and a little harder, that I can get a start here. There is neighbor Jones who has the same number of acres that I work," said the man, pointing across the road to where a neat little frame house stood, shaded by tall maple and cottonwood trees. "He is making money every year, and has some comforts for his family besides. He is all the time making improvements. He has a nice young orchard, grape vines and small fruits that add to the comfort and value of his place. I came here the same year that he bought there. I work just as hard as he does, but I can only raise enough to pay the taxes and the rent, and have a little to live on."

"Then you pay the taxes," said the duke.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "I have the taxes to pay, though they are not half as high as Jones's are. Lord Sanders is rich and knows better than to improve his lands, and then we cannot even have a decent school to send our children to, because the agent will not permit us to vote as we please. Oh, he's a shrewd one, is that Lord Sanders. He knows he can get just as much rent for that old shanty with a few poles and a straw stack for a barn, as though he had good buildings."

"What is the reason you cannot make as much as your neighbor?" I asked. "Are his crops better than yours?"

"No, sir," said the man. "We raise bushel for bushel; we did last year of both wheat and corn."

"Then what is the trouble?" asked the duke.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Royal Signature.

"The Queen's signature to state documents," said he, "is still a model of firmness and legibility, no sign of Her Majesty's advanced age being discernible in the boldly written 'Victoria R.' which she attaches to such papers as have to bear the royal autograph. The question of the signing of state documents in England by the Sovereign became one of great importance in the last months of George IV.'s reign. During this period His Majesty was in such a debilitated state that the writing of numerous autographs was an impossibility, and under these circumstances a short bill was hurriedly passed through Parliament authorizing the King to affix a fac-simile of his autograph by means of an inked stamp. It was also provided that George should, before stamping each document, give his verbal assent to it in a special form. The Duke of Wellington was in office at the time, and it was his duty to lay certain documents before the King for his approval. One day the 'Iron Duke,' noticing that His Majesty was stamping the papers before him without repeating the prescribed verbal formality, ventured to enter a respectful but firm protest.

"'Your Majesty forgets to repeat the verbal formality?'

"'Hang it, what can it signify?' replied the King in an irritated voice.

"'Only this, sir,' replied the Duke, 'that the law requires it.'

"George IV. said no more, but at once began to repeat the requisite formality as he stamped each of the documents."—*N. Y. Star.*

An Awful Ride on a Mule.

A printer well known in Atlanta got hard up in Birmingham recently, says the Atlanta *Constitution*. He wanted to come to Atlanta and he crawled into the first vacant stock-car he saw, and, as it was night, rolled into one corner and went to sleep. He was awakened in a little while by a lot of mules, which were driven in on him.

"Scared? Well, I think I was," he says in telling the story. "But I wanted to come, and I thought I could pacify the mules so they would let me alone. I soon found that wouldn't work. They eyed me suspiciously, then bit at me and kicked me until I began to realize there must be some change or my last days had come.

"I made up my mind to ride one of the mules. I tried one, and was promptly landed against the top of the car. Then another, and another, with the same result. The fourth one was docile, and on that mule's back I rode for a day and a night. It was the most horrible ride anybody ever experienced, and you need not wonder at my hair turning gray."

A Valuable Man.

Street-Car Patron (wrathfully) — "Do you know, sir, that the conductor of car 1,492 is the most insolent, most unfeeling brute that ever held a punch?"

Superintendent — "Yes, I wish we had more like him."

"Eh? Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. You see, he makes so many enemies that he couldn't steal a cent from the company without being reported."—*Life.*

Miss Colenso, daughter of the late Bishop Colenso, of South Africa, will shortly go to England in behalf of the Zulu Chiefs.

THE AMAZON MARCH.

It Is Difficult for a Manager to Invent—Much Labor Involved.

"I suppose that very few of the people who have ever seen the marches of ballet girls in spectacular productions have stopped to think of the immense amount of labor involved in the preparation of those marches," said a well-known theatrical manager the other day. "The audience looks at the long lines of brilliantly arrayed girls as they go through the most intricate figures with never a thought of the work of the designer of the figures. The girls do their part with such apparent ease that there is no indication of the weeks of toil which was required to produce the effect.

Let me tell you how a march for the ballet girls is made. There are only two or three professional march designers in this country, and they probably pursue different methods in getting up new figures, but I will tell you of the way I went about it a year ago when I wanted to train some girls. I had never given a thought to the fact that it was one thing to train the girls to march and quite another one to design the figures. I told my stage manager to train the girls for an Amazon march, and thought that that was all that was required. He asked me if I had any figures. I told him that I hadn't, and he said that I would have to get some for him before he could do anything with the girls. I went to the ballet master and asked him for some figures. He told me to call the next day. I did so, but he said that he wasn't quite ready for me yet. I called several times, and he always had some new excuse to offer.

I went to another ballet master and had the same experience. They were evidently unwilling to let anyone have their figures. There were no other men in the city to whom I could apply, so I said to myself, 'I will invent some figures myself.' After giving the matter some thought, I bought a set of poker chips and began my work. I took sixteen red chips and sixteen white ones. Then I got down on the floor and arranged the poker chips in two long rows, a white row and a red row. Then I straightened up and looked at them. I tried hard to imagine that the poker chips were girls, but I only partially succeeded. Down I got again, and began to move the chips one at a time into curious figures, but it was slow and unsatisfactory work. I found that I would have to work with other material. I procured some large beads and strung sixteen of them on a string, fastening them about an inch apart. I strung sixteen beads of another color in the same way. These beads represented the thirty-two girls who were to take part in the march.

Then I began to arrange them in figures, and when I got what I thought was a good one I made a note of it. For over two months I worked in this way with the beads and the poker chips before I was satisfied with the figures. I handed the diagrams to my stage manager, and with my help and explanations he trained the girls. This took two months more, but even when they were perfectly drilled the work was not over. It is never over. The reason of this is that very frequently I either have to discharge one of the girls or she may leave of her own accord. Then a new one—a raw recruit—has to be taken on and trained. To train one girl it is necessary to make the entire thirty-two go through the march over and over again. The next time that any one proposes that I shall start an Amazon march I will strike him off my list of friends. I have had enough of it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"The Latest Siberian Tragedy."

We quote the following from George Kennan's article in the *Century*: "The survivors of the Yakutsk massacre were tried by court martial, without benefit of counsel, upon the charge of armed resistance to the authorities, and all were found guilty. Three of them were hanged; fourteen, including four women, were condemned to penal servitude for life; five, including two women, were sent to the mines for fifteen years; four boys and girls, less than twenty-one years of age were condemned to penal servitude for ten years, and two others were sent as forced colonists to the Arctic village of Verkhoyansk and Sredni Koiynsk, in the remotest part of Yakutsk.' And this sentence, the St. Petersburg officials say, is an evidence of the 'unsound moderation' of the judges who composed the court martial! A further proof of the "unusual moderation" is furnished by the fact that the political exile Kohan-Bernstein, after receiving four severe bullet-wounds at the time of the massacre, and after lying nearly five months in a prison hospital, was carried to the scaffold on a cot bed and hanged by putting the noose around his neck and dragging the bed out from under him. If this is Russian 'moderation,' one might well pray to be delivered from Russian severity.

"One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades, in which he said, 'We are not afraid to die, but try—you—to make our deaths count for something—write all this to Kennan.

She Spiked Her Own Gun.

A well-known citizen adopted a novel expedient the other night to secure peace. It was incumbent on him to attend to some business down-town and he promised his wife he would positively be back at 8:30. There would be no slip-up, no accidents or mishaps, no "ifs or "buts"—there could be no mistake about it—he would be home at 8:30 prompt. His wife looked a little doubtful. "Will you give me $1 for every hour you are later than that?" she asked.

"Done," he exclaimed, and forgot all about it.

As he groped his way in at 11 o'clock he suddenly bethought himself of his wager. Of course his wife was up. "Here, my dear, I'm two hours and a half late, here's $5. Double pay. Now, don't say a word." The lady saw that she could not honorably refuse to abide by the compact, but declares now that she wouldn't have taken $10 for the curtain lecture which she had mapped out and committed to memory for the occasion.—*St. Louis Republic.*